

Hell on Earth

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If you are a religious person, then you've probably heard of Hell.

All religions have their version of this place and all cultures describe it a little differently. But at its core, Hell is the most horrible place one can imagine. It's hot, suffocating, filled to capacity and in this horror you will anguish for eternity.

In other words, Hell is our local DMV.

That's right, who would have ever imagined, this place we've all read about and studied is located right here amongst us? But I kid you not, take a left off 231 South onto Maddox Simpson Parkway and you've arrived.

So we got there around 11:30.

My eldest turned 15 a few months back and refused to return to school without her driver's permit. Not wanting to ruin her life any more than usual, I agreed to take her.

Our companions on this journey to Hell and back, were her two siblings.

We arrived and immediately...had to take a number.

I looked around the packed room and saw the huddled masses. Every chair (but one) was taken. And those who sat in them, looked pale, hollow and without a soul.

I took my seat after...pushing my youngest out of it. And there we sat.

Hour 1 passed quickly. My phone was fully charged. Each child had their electronic device of choice and we were good.

Hour 2 caused my back to hurt a little and as I moved around, noticed that the soulless were not getting up. None of them! I ventured to speak to one of these soulless zombies and heard that that many had been there since the tomb of Hell had opened.

Hour 3 was when things got tough. My phone died, as did all the other electronic devices we had brought. This immediately reminded my children that they had not eaten lunch.

"I'm so hungry. You didn't feed me," cried out my youngest.

"We are all hungry Neill. I didn't know it would take this long. Now, sit back down on the cold, hard tile and try not to catch a flesh eating bacteria."

Hour 4 found my children sprawled on the floor (praying for a flesh eating bacteria at this point!) and the woman next to me, outwardly weeping. When one of the soulless actually did get their number called, the rest of us clapped!

And then an amazing thing happened right before 5 - the bewitching hour in Hell. All of a sudden, Hell brought in reinforcements from the back to work the counter.

Apparently, Hell doesn't pay overtime and closes at 5!

And just like that, all sorts of numbers were being called and finally ours.

At that point, like any good mother, I offered words of encouragement right before Madison took her test.

"I swear, if you fail, I'm never coming back and you will ride your bike for the rest of your life!"

She passed! And immediately asked to drive home when we reached the parking lot.

To which I responded, "Hell no!"

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